MIDSUMMER PLEASURES

Good Stories of Sport in the Open Air.

ODDITIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

Full of Interest for Sportsmen and Naturalists.

FISH AND FISHERMEN.

Their Relations from a Sub-Aqueous Point of View.

A Finny Veteran Tells How He Wasn't Caught, Weighed, and Lied About by a Man With a Rod and Line-Great Luck of the Thousand Islands Fishermen and Fisherwomen-Storles of Success in Other Waters-Mice as Batt for Tront-Bottles Used in a New Way by Fishermen,

ALONG THE "BLUE JUNIATA," Pa., July 27. -You cannot always be sure, when a man returns from a fishing trip and regales you with an account of his prowess in handling a gamer fish that he gives you an unbia-sed view of the affair. This is true not only if he happens to have captured the fish, but also if he has missed it. If caught, the fish necessarily made a remarkable resistance, and its final capture was the result solely of strategy and unwearied patience. If it got away, the fish was so large and savage, so your friend will tell you, that no mortal man could have sucseeded in securing it, although, even then

he almost managed to land it sately.

It is not to be doubted that if the poor persecuted fry, as well as the bold fishermen, were each permitted to give his version of such contests of strength and skill these summer days. we should hear quite different stories. The fishermen would not always appear in such a heroic and advantageous attitude, and they would not always monopolize the ingenuity and sagacity displayed in the sport. The finny tribe would not always be so destitute of their

native sense and instinctive cunning.
Imagine, then, for the moment, for the sake of justice and fair play, that fishes are able to exchange ideas by means of speech among themselves, and that at certain favored times as we remember reading of in our childhood's perusal of the Arabian Nights, it is possible for mortals to hear and understand their language. Let it be the privilege, too, of somebody strolling beside a well-stocked fishing stream, as for instance the beautiful Blue Juniata here, to overhear some such dialogue among a school of black bass as follows below. Imagine the listener to be gazing into the depths of a deep basin in the channel of the river when he is astonished by the sound of a queer voice from under the surface of the water, exclaiming:

"Didn't I triumph over that poor fisherman?" Further permit the tayored individual, looking down still more intently into the water, to distinguish clearly a school of black bass suspended in the liquid element near the bottom. winnowing with their fins, heads up stream. and among them a particularly large one. vigorously working his gills. The crowd of lesser fish seem to be held in rapt attention to hear an interesting story which the greater bass is about to tell. Any one who has ever hung over a clear running stream from bridge or bank and has seen groups of fish below will recall how invariably the little ones in a school gather admiringly aroung the bigger ones, just as people do in human society. Immediately let the smaller voices, replying, be heard to say in a chorus, "Should think you did! Tell us how it happened. We were watching you."

Well, you see," let the stronger voice proceed, with the reader's indulgence, "I am # pretty big bass. I weigh about five pounds. and I flatter myself that I am as active as I am big. This afternoon, you know, being hungry, I began to look about for provisions. In exploring here and there. I discovered a long white line waving in the water, and on the end of that line was a bunch of baby toads. At the same time, on the surface of the water, I noticed the shadow of a long yellow rod that was held out straight from one end, as it seemed, by somebody on shore. Hereafter, my friends, when you see an outfit like that, look out! Those toads looked very attractive. 1 am very fond of young toads."

"Yes," chimes in the chorus. Consequently steering clear of the white line I rushed up and grabbed them in my mouth. While I was making off with them I felt them pulling back in a way I did not understand. It seemed they had a power of motion and resistance apart from their own strength. But I crushed them without mercy and swallowed them, and when I cast my eyes up again behold the white line was gone. So by this time I knew that it was what is called a fishing line, which of course you have all heard about Presently in my further travels I passed by the same place, when, strange to say, I spied a large crab attached to that same white line. Now, you know I am very fond of crabs."

Well, this time I was a little chary of that white line, for I knew I must be careful. else I might get captured, as our ancestors used to predict of us. So I swiftly approached the crab, avoiding the little crooked contrivance at the end of the line-a mighty dangerous device. by the way-and seized him near the tail. I was just proceeding to swallow him tail foremost when suddenly I felt him jerk. I held on tightly, and immediately the hook and line sgain disappeared. Having despatched that crab, I continued purveying, and presently chanced to return that way again. Right be fore me, this time, a nice, nest, good-sized minnow was swimming, so I said: 'Young fellow, you are predestinated for me, and charged on him. I seized him crosswise in the middle, on the back, and the stomach, preparatory to swallowing him head foremost. secording to our ancestral custom, you know but just at that instant he jerked, and I felt sharp pain thrill through my right jaw, and I lustantly became aware that I was pierced with one of those dreadful books we hear so much about. I braced up and brought all my arts and tricks into play. I flew across the basin and back again; I rushed up stream, and then darted down till the line gave out. But that wouldn't do. Steadily and remoraelessly the line was drawn in taut until I was pulled up to the top of the water, and there-

What did you see?" cries the chorus.
There I saw a fellow pulling for dear life at
the while line to which the hook in my jaw was
fastened and the other end of which was attached to the long thin rod which he held in his
bands. He seemed much agitated. The rod
bent like a willow twig. His linen duster was
the much as traw hat was off and lying in
the much his evergiages were daugling by a change. He seemed much agitated. The rod bent like a willow twig. His linen duster was all mussed, his straw hat was off and lying in the mud, his eyeginases were daugling by a string to his veet, his bands were trembling nervously, and in general his conduct as he sputtered and mutered to himsoif, was like that of a man going mad. He kept reposting faidly to himself. Soft, and, five got him, but he hadn't. I pitied the poor fellow he seemed so much excited. I looked up sympathetically at him, but he glared cruelly at me; and all the while he kept dragging me neares to him. I know now that the case demanded unusual exertion on my part. I realized that my situation was desperate. However, i noticed that the bank where the fellow stood was of clay formation, and very wet and slippery from recent raines; and i felt that if I could only up-et my enemy on that bank. I might get off safely. So, running up toward him, I slackened the line so quickly that he couldn't wind it up in time, and then I braced myself for a terrific rush.

I rushe!, Nothing could withstand such a desporate effort. I heard a great splashing and floundering in the water behind me, and the line came right along with me as free as you please. Then I know lwas safe. All that I had to de after that was to work my gills ensembled.

line floated down stream. I stowed that minnew away, under the circumstances, with extreme satisaction, and paddled back to the place of conflict to see how the poor fisherman was coming on. Well, he looked dreadfully wet and out of temper. He was just in the act of setting up and pulling himself together. On the alippery bank leading down to the water's edge I noticed two long parallel marks in the mud, made by his heels when he slid. But I couldn't look at him long, for the atmosphere and water about the place were too suiphurous. So I came here none the worse for the encounter, saving this little cut in my right jaw, which will soon heal, you know, owing to the salutary influence of the water."

Here, just as the victor in the contest reaches the end of his parrative, permit a party of young sportsmen to come along, carrying fishing rods on their shoulders. As they pass the spot one glance at the rods is enough for the fishes. The big bass stares at them in fright, and a flood of immediate and unpleasant recollections of rod, line, and hook sweeps over him. He is panic stricken. His terror is communicated to the rest of the school, and in a twink-some hidding under rocks at the bottom or under the overhanging banks of the river and others secoting away for a quarter of a mile up and down stream.

But the fish has had his say.

GAME FISH FOR EVERYBODY.

Women and Children Catching Bass and

Pickerel in the St. Lawrence, CAPE VINCENT, July 27 .- The summer visitors to the St. Lawrence this week got here just in time to have a hand in the best fishing known for years. It is said that when Martin Van Buren and W. L. Marcy came to this region to fish and talk politics many years ago the fishing was good. That was before the river became known as a great summer resort. If ose old-time anglers could be on the river this year they would find everybody enjoying the old-time fishing, and politics would be out of the question. There are several politicians here now, but they have no time to put up jobs

between bites.

Bass, pickerel, muscallonge, and yellow perch are so plenty that everybody catches them. It is no uncommon sight of an evening to see a pretty girl in a blue flannel blouse and sailor hat comes smilingly up to the hotel steps followed by a sturdy carsman carrying a fine string of black bass, or half a dozen long, shing, and ugly-looking pickersl. Every hotel among the Thousand Islands has its young lady anglers. They are not fishers of men, and have no designing mammas here to fix the balt or select the victim. They fish for fish, and catch something every time. The married ladies fish, too, but they do not as a rule have such luck as attends their single sisters.

Mrs. Whitihouse, who is stopping here, leads the lady anglers just at present with a catch of sixty bass, several of which would weigh over three pounds each. J. J. O'Donahue of New York, one of the most persistent of the anglers

sixty bass, several of which would weigh over three pounds each. J. J. O'Donahue of New York, one of the most persistent of the anglers here, brings in a fine lot of bass every day. A few days ago The Sun recorded a big catch of bass by ex-Postmaster James Gilbert of Syracuse, r. Gilbert's record of 150 fish in one day has been broken by Broker Samuel Soudhelm of Now York, who brought in 168 bass as the result of one day's fishing. Mr. Sondhelm had bass enough to give the whole Cotton Exchange a fish dinner. W. S. Appleion of New York made the biggest catch of bickerel of the season near Alexandria Bay. The number was twenty-seven, and all were taken in one afternoon by trolling.

The 't. Lawrence River this season attracts a number of college professors who are on their summer vacation. Among them are the Messrs. Chester and Hopkins of Hamilton. Prof. Chester is an inveterate angler, and every day, except Sunday, since he came to Alexandria Bay he has brought in a big box of fish. The daily ave age o. his party for the past six days has been 62 bass and pickerel a total of 372 lish. Lester Walla k of New York, who is stopping at Chyton, made a catch of 60 bass in one day. Abit. Fromene of New York, also a guest there, landed a 13-pound muscallonse. A ten-vear-old girl drew in an *-pound pickerel one day this week, and Mrs. John L. Phelps of St. Louis captured one that tipped the scales at 13½ pounds. L. R. Minor and M. Fowler took 45 bass in two hours.

The best fish story of the week is told by Fred M. Allen of Watertown. Mr. Allen was trolling for pickerel on Wednesday evening when he felt a hearty tug on the line. He began to pull in and brought up a ten-pound pickerel, safely landing him in the boat. After pulling him in it was sound that the fish had not been hooked at all, He was last by the line alone. I was evident that he and made a rush, and running foul of the line with his open month had been brought up as ouddenly that he turned a somersault, giving the line a half hitch a ound his head back of th

army of angle s has just been re aforced by the arrival of W. D. Garrison and Charles Sprague of New York, two holel men, who are sald to be experts, and the context is growing hotter every day. There will be less bass by several hundred in the St. Lawrence when it is ended.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

Binefish, Sharks, Swordfish, Moss Bunkers, Portuguese Men-ot-war, and Bass. STONINGTON, July 27 -There is splendid fishing all along the coast. Bluefish swarm in Block Island Sound just off the island, and fairly beg to be caught. The summer guests at the island have had great sport. It is necessary only to throw a hook into the sea and the fish will take care of it. A dozen fish jump for each hook-an ugly squid with a red rag on it, and all the fisherman has to do is to wear gloves and keep the line jumping through the water toward his boat. Old island settlers say they never knew bluefish to be more pientiful. Some of them are monsters, too. An Ocean View guest caught one the other day that weighed ten pounds, and on the same day

a fifteen-pounder was taken.
Other kinds of fish abound. Swordfishing was never before so good, and man-eating sharks are altogether too numerous to be pleasing to bathers. A steam yacht party, who was out swordlishing this week, caught one was out swordfishing this week, caught one that weighed 500 pounds, and he fought like a demon. Bassing is good, but mackerel are rather scarce, and it has been too foggy much of the time for the swardfishermen. When the weather is fine it it casy to kill from two to six swo dilish in a day's sail. The fishing schooner Mattie and Lona of this port came in the other day with thirty-eight spiendid swordlish, which where shipped to the Boston market. The schooner Mattie and Lona is the most successful swordlisherman on the Atlantic coast.

Michaelen, the bony little fish out of which oil and odor are boiled to scent a hundred leagues of scacoast, are innumerable this year, and the bony fish steamers that go out from New London and Stonington are having phenominal luck. The steamer Annie L. Wixcox has already taken 4.50,000 menhaden this season, an amount much in excess of the catch for the same period last year. In coming across Vineyard Sound to New Bedford the other day a passenger on a Nantucket boat counted twenty bony fish vessels gathering in the rich harvest of the sea. From 1,000 bony fish about six gallons of oil is extracted, and the oil is worth 2i cents a gallon. The scraps, retuse from the boiling, are used to fertilize the land. Into New London came the smarks Maria and Coral and the schooner Emma the other day, and they had fifty-three fine sword-fish. At Watch Hill bluefish are plential, but what excites most interest on the part of hotel loungers is the little Portuguese men-oi-war with which the ocean is speckled. At night the quee fish emit a pake phosphorescent light, and the stormy waters sparkle like the heavens on a frosty night. The hotel guests stroll along the beach in the svening and watch the welra scintillations for hours. Some persons fancy that the fish have come along with it.

The rea-on is early with all kinds of fish. Oyster spat have developed two weeks shead of time. While the stardsh are a early as the oysters. This season the United States Fish countering the part of the peat that weighed 500 pounds, and he fought like a demon. Bassing is good but mackerel are

hook for shiners or little roaches, but after a while a fish took his hook in a busine-s-like fashion that at once arquised Mr. Maurasafrom his caroless iding. He becan to play his fish and had had had shads full of work, but after thirty minutes of skilful and exciting sport Elijah towed his captile carefully toward the shore. Then a landing net was brought and the fisherman netted a black bass that weighed five pounds and one ounce. Since then the constable has been at the lake every other day, and has fished with something less filmsy than a linen thread and a pin hook. He hasn't got the mate of that 5-pounder as yet, though.

but I am of the opinion that it is all arranged for in the fall, when the snakes begint or return to their dens for the winter. But, however that may be, the convention is held in the spring, generally in some big oven spot among the rocks. I have happened to be a spectator at two of these gatherlogs, unknown to the snakes, of course, and if a person only knew just when and where one was to be held it would be worth his while to go a hundred miles out of his way, just to see it.

"I'm putting it low, and I know it, when I say that at neither one of the rattlesnake conventions; saw wore there less than 500 of the rettiles, every one of 'em fresh, vigorous, and snappy, and with their venom sacs full and running over from four or live months' undisturbed accumulation. Now, mind you, these conventions are composed entirely of male snakes, tattlesnakes don't take any stock in women's rights, and the he portion of the community run things themselves, but every one of the delegates to the convention has his wife, and my observation is that she is lying off in the brush near by, or in the crevices and crannies of the surrounding rocks, waiting for the concress to adjourn, so that the season's business may begin. Consequently, any one who may happen to be a witness to ne of these gatherings had batter keep his eye peeled, or one of these wives may find it necessary to insert a matronly or maidenly tooth in him, and the giddiest and most unsonhisticated young thing of a giri rattlesnake carries just as much juice at the root of her fangs as does her twenty-rattled oid tough of a father, or the upto-snuff young gentleman snake she has chosen for a mate.

"Judging from the proceedings of the two rattlesnake congresses I attended, there is no doubt in my mind that the object of the gathering is to kind o' divide up the surrounding country among the delegates, so that a certain proportion shall have this section, and another confingent that section, and so on all through, in order that no part of it shall be overcrowed by ra

better than a \$1.50 skin, an ounce and a half of grease, and 20 cents worth of rattle, Taient is nowhere better appreciated than among rattlesnakes.

Both of my conventions were terribly noisy affairs, in spite of the efforts of the big and savage od Chairmen. Sometimes twenty or thirty delegates would be on the floor at once, rattiling and hissing for all they were worth, evidently trying to gain recognition from the Chair. There were a dozen or more fights, and when the conventions adjourned I found twenty or thirty nice snakes that their fellow delegates had saved me the trouble of putting a quietus on. Neither one of my conventions got through with its business in less than two hours, and when it was all over the delegates broke in all directions to get their wives and star out for the district they had been assigned to, as I believe. I suppose they all eventually got there, with the exception, of course, of those parts of the conventions that I took with me.

Weil, as to rattlesnakes killing themselves over disappointment in love, I saw an unmistakabe case of it on that early spring day I started to tell you about. It was just in mating time and I went over to a ledge of rocks where I always gather quite a crop of snakes at that soason. Just before I reached the ledge I came out in an open space in the woods, and there, on a big flat rock, lay three ratilesnakes. One was coiled nicely on the edge of the rock, and the other two were stretched out at full length. The coiled snake is saw at once was a female, and she was a beauty and no mistake. She was as yellow as gold and her scales glistened like scoured copper. The two snakes flat on the rock were males, and she was a beauty and no mistake. She was as periow as gold and her scales glistened like scoured copper. The two snakes flat on the rock were males, and stend and strong, and darted her head out toward the female she, in short, choppy, kittenish sort o' squirma. He stopped within two feet of her, coiled himself, and ast this ratties going in a dronin

exactly the same performance as the yellow chap had. And now what did the snappy beauty do? She sounted her rattles with the same low, droning hum that the black rattler put into his, and, instead of striking out at him as if she'd like to sink her fangs in him, as she did at the yellow snake, she darred her head and neck forward in the playful way, and almost met the lins of the black rattler as he darted his head toward her.

"Those two snakes are courting that yellow charmer, as sure as guns!" I said to my-

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MR. FRANK'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN OWL.

LOUISVILLE, July 27.—Abe Frank, a retired clothier on Market street, is in a serious quandary. He has a friend travelling in the Rocky Mountains, and a few days since he received a letter from him stating that he had sent him a pet, and asking him to call at the depot and get it. Mr. Frank went to the depot and found there waiting for him in a cage a magnificent specimen of the Rocky Mountain owl. There specimen of the Rocky Mountain owl. There was 43 express charges on the bird. and Mr. Frank paying the money, although he hesitated about it, started home, carrying the bird. The owl was very large and vicious looking, and while Mr. Frank was carrying him he reached a long claw through the bars of the case and selzed the clothier by the hand. Nearly all the skin was torn off Mr. Frank's hand before he could get it away, but he wouldn't give up his owl. He lugged it home, and the next day it escaped from the cage and devoured two pet canaries. Some heavy quilts were thrown over it, and after a partial smothering it was put back into the cage. Mr. Frank was navised to kill the owl. He said that might be the wiser policy, but he would not do it. He wanted to watch the future of the bird.

The owl seemed to pine in its cage, and so it was taken out. It is now confined in the center of a large room by a number of radiating cords fastened to rings in the wall, so that it can move but a little distance in any direction, little en though the owl is thus safely confined no one dares entor the room except Mr. Frank, and he always keeps at a safe distance from the bird. The owl has a dangerously keen beak and powerful taions; and its spirit is not at all subdued by its captivity. Mr. Frank says he would turn the bird loose if any one would pay him the \$3 express charges. His neighbors say he might as wall et loose a bear or a panther on them. was \$3 express charges on the bird, and Mr.

CONNECTICUT'S SNAKE SUPPLY.

Rattlesnakes, Blacksnakes, and Red Snakes Venomous and Bold.

Nonwich, July 27 .- Snakes are trying hard to astonish the Connecticut native this year In Chaplin, a rocky hill town southwest of this city, there is an old dry well that is a quarter full of snakes. Mr. Augustus Evans owns the well, and whenever he wants to have fun he visits the well and kills snakes. His best record at the sport was made a few days ago when he bagged thirty-one blacksnakes and

four adders.

Leander Rounds of Palmertown, a town just south of Norwich, had a warm battle with a rattler recently and barely escaped being bitrattler recently and barely escaped being bitten by it. He had a ball bat with him and he
stopped a wicked drop curve on the part of the
snake with great skill. The rattler was 7 feet
long and wore 25 rattler, so itounds says.
At a rocky spot in Portland not less than
fifteen rattlessnakes have been killed since the
snake season opened. An expert in that town
hunts them for the sake of their oil and skins,
which he sells. Twenty years ago it was
thought there was not a rattle in Connecticut.
They came in at the same time with wildcats,
both of which have increased wonderfully
within the past ten years. both of which have increased wonderfully within the past ten years.

At Mariborough, the other day, Gilbert Button killed a blacksnake six feet long. It was curied up in a robin's neat,

Johnny Rice killed the biggest blacksnake ever seen in Niantic. It was a woods blacksnake, Blacksnakes are killed now and then in the streets in Middletown City.

Nathan Main of North Stonington got a blacksnake eight feet long, after a running fight in which the snake tripped Main twice.

A Quadio man, driving, saw twenty blacksnakes in the road, sunning themselves on a birch. He didn't trouble them as he passed by.

Tarbox of North Stonington saw six water snakes in a bunch on the Surface of a broad forest pool in a trout brook in that town. Dwight Spicer killed the king of Bozrah water snakes last week. It was six feet long and as Dwight Spicer killed the king of Boxrah water snakes last week. It was six feet long and as thick as his arm.

A great blacksnake chased school children around the school house in Ellington not long ago, and the teacher. Molite Dinsmore although only 18 years old, knocked it over with her parasol.

Biacksnakes and rattiers will not dwell together in amity; the blacks are too athletic for

the other servents. Most of the rattlers in this county live with the copperhead snakes on the dry peaks and slopes of lofty Lantern Hill, and the blacks inhabit the valleys. The red snakes of Lantern Hill are famous. They are as big and almost as venomous as the rattlers, and in July, August, and September they swarm on the hill. They won't zet out of the way for anybody, and are a terror to plenic parties. The farmers who dwell in the neighborhood have a red snake hunt once a year and sometimes bag bu-hels of the serpents. A tract in Centre Groton is just the place for anyone to visit who desires to see snakes. Red, black, and rattlesnakes abound there, each abiding in its own quarter. A good snake hunter can kill twenty or thirty blacks in a forenoon, and recently one man shot three rattlers which wore from three to seven rattles. He sise killed a seven-foot black snake. He is William Chapman of Centre Groton.

escaped being drowned. The majority of the par:y thought that the boat had collided with a log, but one or two who were keener-eved solemnly affirmed that they had seen the form of a monster fish moving away in the water. The animal did not confine its journey to the water, but made occasional trips to the banks on either side, and many a armer has suddenly

either side, and many a farmer has suddenly missed sheep and calves.
Several excursions have at different times been planned, and traps of all kinds have been set by the farmers to capture the strange monster, but the wary visitor managed to escape all the snares set for him. A low evening, ago while a dance was in progress at Michael Hogan's at Smoky Hollow, the festivities were interrupted by an almost breathless courier, who put his head inside the door and yelled:

For heaven's sake, boys, come down to the river, quick! I we seen the whate, and he's taking a rest on the bank opposite the tannety is

"For heaven's sake, boys, come down to the river, quick 1 Ive seen the whale, and he's taking a rest on the bank opposite the tannety!"

Every man armed himself, axes, log hooks, and pleks being the invorte weapons. Rushing pell-mell to the river, the great animal was seen devouring the carcass of a sheep. As soon as he discovered the mass he left his supper, and slowly crawled into some bushes skirting the shore. The men hastly constructed a rait of some old flood wood, and pushed out into the stream.

They had not gone far when the jaws of the monster were set upon a board in the raft, but it was its death move, for in an instant every man on the raft had deatt it a blow. The animal bellowed, splished the water violently, and with a loud, expiring snort sank beneath the surface, its blood coloring the water. With a rope the body was towed ashore, and by a lantern's rays was found to be that of an alligator.

To say the cast or were excited and delighted is drawing it mild. In an hour nearly every inhabitant for miles around was present. Steelyards were secured anit the beast found to weigh 533 pounds. A physician from Hallstead, who is also a taxidernist, was sent for, and as soon as he arrived he advised sending for Dr. Crozier of Cornell University. The alligator was therefore ca efully housed and the people returned to their homes, glad that the terror and bost of their vicinity was no more.

Dr. Crozier arrived next day. He was astonished, not only to find such a big alligator, but to find any sort of an alligator in these waters. He said very likely that years ago some resident near here had owned a pet alligator and that it had escaped and since grown up in the marshes skirting the river. An old Pennsylvanian says he believes that the late Isaac ciriggs, proprietor of the old National Hetel at Great Bend, once owned a pet alligator which was sent, him by a relative in Forida, and which andemly disappeared, and was suptosed to have been stoen.

Dr. Crozier paid the captors \$50 and took the carcass with h

SOME OCEAN COUNTY ANIMALS.

Johnson's Experiment with Qualls-Some

Tonds and Other Creatures. LAKEWOOD, N. J., July 27.-About a month ago Grocer Johnson conceived the idea of raising a brood of quails. These birds are quite abundant, the Lakewood Hotel and Land Company having prohibited gunning for them on their 20,000 acres of land during the past three years. Mr. Johnson had little difficulty in finding a quall's nest. He removed the eggs, and gave them to a small bantam that was eager to set. In due course the chicks appeared, and the bantam was delighted. But the groceryman thought to better the condition of the young birds by introducing the mother quail of another nest, and at the same time increase his stock of chicks. He caught the bird in a net, and, removing the bantam to another setting of eggs, placed the quall in charge of the young brood. Three or four days later he addlot. He now had twenty-three chicks in charge of the mother bird in a large wire cage. The quail did not decline to brood the

but in her eagerness for freedom trampled many of them to death. At daylight every morning she set up a call, and presently a cock quail came near to the cage, but he would not come up to the bars until the cage was taken from the store and placed about a hundred feet distant. Then be came down,

and the actions of the two birds were very interesting. They ran constantly back and forth, one on the inside and the other on the outside, until they were disturbed, when the cock would fly to a neighboring tree. At last the young were all dead, and the mother quail began to droop. The cock was still attentive. He tried the strength of every bar in the cage that he could reach, pecking and pulling inefectually. Between times the birds made the most mourful notes, and their grief became a matter of common remark. The groceryman made repeated efforts to atch the male bird, but he was not to be trapped. Then Grocer Johnson opened the cage door just a crack, and went apart where he could conveniently watch the man cures of the birds. The cock quail came up cautiously, and began his usual running along and pecking at the cage. Presently he made the discovery that the door was loose. Singularly, he did not open it with his bill, but, atter the manner of a barnyard cock calling a hon, clucked vizorously to the female bird. She came, as his nead went bobbing up and down in unison with his constant chatter in front of the cage door. As she put her head against it, the door yielded and she walked out. The chattering gave way to exchamations of delight and the birds hurried at a lively run down Meadow avenue to the pleasure of a half dozen children why her was a shift of the cock did not attempt to open the door was his four that he would close it and thus provent his mate secan.

A cow belonging to law the period and then watching the mirror that he would close it and thus provent his mate secan.

A cow belonging to law the period and the usual realment was recorded to when the door was his four that he would close it and thus provent his mate secan.

A cow belonging to law the period of the water, which seemed to relieve her. After remaining a little while she left the lake and went into an adiolning grave. The head of the water which seemed to relieve her. After remaining a little while she hopped along on the other, many grasshoppers are waiting to be eaten Almost any number of toads may be induced to pay an evening visit in return for a repast

one gentleman's family in this town having seven or eight every day, waiting to be fed upon grasshoppers, as regularly as the sun goes down.

FISHING WITH BOTTLES.

A New Use for Something that is Usually Used for Carrying Batt, From Wide Awabe.

Used for Carrying Balt.

The farmers who dwell in the neighborhood bave a red snake hunt once a year and sometimes shag bushels of the serpents.

A tract in Centre Groton is just the place for anyone to visit who desires to see snakes. Red, black, and rattlesnakes abound there, each abiding in its own quarter. A good snake hunter can kill twenty or thirty blacks in a forencon, and recently one man shot three rattlers which wore from three to seven rattless which wore from three to seven rattles. He also killed a seven-foot black snake. He is William Chapman of Centre Groton.

CAUGHT THE MYSTERY.

It Was an Alligator in the Susquehanna, but How Did It Get There?

RED ROCK, Pa., July 27.—For several years boatmen and others along the Susquehanna River, between the villages of Susquehanna River, between the villages of Susquehanna River, between the villages of Susquehanna and Ried llock, have been interested, not to say disturbed, by a creature in the water at the latter point. The strange animal always made its appearance at night, and an unearthly, weird noise accompanied by heavy splashing often awakened people from their slumbers. Early after sundown a dark object has frequently been seen moving slowly across the river, and boat after boat had been upset by it.

Last fall a party returning from a harvest dance at John Dalton's were upset while crossing the stream and two persons narrowly escaped being drowned. The majority of the party thought that the boat had collided with a first point. The the stream and two persons narrowly escaped being drowned. The majority of the party thought that the boat had collided with a first point. The the stream and two persons narrowly escaped being drowned. The majority of the party thought that the boat had collided with a first point and the property balted, are to be despited by the water. It will not be long to the hooks having been properly balted are to be deep point are when a root of the bottles, having a power of the bottles, having a power of the solution of t

ment which a row of these fishing bottles will arouse, and the guessing as to which bottle will go first, is very amusing, and not to be despised as sport.

One or more of the bottles, having peoped off and been taken in tow by a fish, must new be rescued; this can be done by means of a long stick having three hooks, without barbs, lashed to it, back to back; some one of the hooks will soon catch into the loop of wire around the neck of the bottle, and you can draw in both bottle and fish.

Where there is a lake or pond at hand and a boat available, the bottles may be taken out from shore and set afloat around the boat. If the fish are at all lively, and there are many bottles to tend, there will be some very exciting sport in chasing the bottles, for they will start in all directions at every moment.

Where there is a number in the party, "sides" may be chosen—two sets of bottles being furnished, an even number to each, and each set having a flag diffe lag in color. The side catching the most fish wins the prize.

For sen fishing an additional arrangement is needed, because, the waves cause the bottles to bob u, and down, so that it is hard to know when a fish bites. The flag is brought into use as a signal. The unright od is furnished at its tip with a small screw-eye, and a strip of tin three inches long is fastened by its lewer end to the lewer end of the rod parallel with it, so as to make a spring clip. The flag is fastened to the end of the long and is set by being caught in the clip made by the strip of tin.

In this position the flag is brought into use as a signal, The unright at way from the clip and raises it to the top of the rod where it stops, being too large to go through the eye. That the flag may fly straight, and not be drawn into the eye and crumpled, it is best to sew it to a straight bit of wire, having a loop at the top to which the line is tied.

Another improvement is to paint the inside of the bettle white, by nouring in white paint and leiting the bottle dry. Then prepare the bottle a

MAN AND DUG AGAINST PANTHER, A Pennsylvania Pioneer's Desperate Battle

From the Punssutanney Spirit.
"Did you ever hear of John Potter's battle

with the panther?" asked an old citizen of Reynoldsvine of the Spirit man. "Well, John Potter came to this country along

with the panther?" asked an old citizen of sternoids, i.e of the Spirit man.

"Well, John Totter came to this country along about 1834, and settled on the banks of the Sandy Lick, on what is now known as the Gray farm. John was a large, sinewy man, with any amount of courage, One day in the early spring, while the ground was still white with snow. John and his wife and dog started to walk to Punxsutawney. They had travelled only about two miles when a pile of snow beside the read attracted John's attention. Going up to it and kicking it a little he discovered a dead deer buried beneath it, and just then a large panther, which had no doubt killed the deer and covered it with snow, sprang from behind a log and ran up an adjacent tree.

"John told Nancy, his wife, to hasten back and get the gun, while he and the dog stood guard under the tree. She did so, but scarcely had she gotten out of sight when the panther began to exhibit strong symptoms of esticesness. It eyed the dog and snarled savagely, Potter had no weapon but a jack knile, and he had some anxiety to see that panther remain where it was until Nancy returned with the gun. But the panther did not like his quarters and, with a tromendous spring, bounded from the tree and immediately gitacked the dog, which, with true canine courage, gave the heast the very best he had in the house; and, being a large and active mastiff, he made it so warm for the animal that it retreated back up the tree. But the dog had the worst of the battle. He was torn and bleeding, but still stood his ground with magnificent heroism and was furious for the fray. In the mean time Potter had out a hiekory club with his jack knile and was furious for the fray. In the mean time Potter had out a hiekory club with his jack knile and was furious for the gray. In the mean time Potter had out a hiekory club with his jack knile and was furious for the fray. In the mean time Potter had out a hiekory club with his jack knile and was furious for the fray. In the mean time Potter had out a hiekor

the dog, which was greatly inierior to it both in strength and activity.

"But while the flerce fight between the panther and dog was progressing. Potter rushed in with his club and belabored the animal over the head with all his might, and soon succeeded in crushing its skull, when it keeled over and yielded up the ghost. Then John sathim down upon its liteless careass and waited for Nancy. The dog was thought to be finished. He was unable to walk, and the noble brute was left to die in silence on the field of battle, but to the surprise of his friends he came home two weeks afterward, a thoroughly emaciated but convalescent dog. The panther measured nine feet from nose to tip of tail."

A FEATRERED SALAMANDER.

In a Chimney while the City of Scattle Burned Around Him.

Burned Around Rim.

From the Seattle Times.

On the northwest corner of Madison and Second streets stood, before the late fire, a large frame building known as the Methodist Praestant Church. Below the church on Madison street stood a two-story frame building. Known as the parsonage of said church. There was built in or near the centre of this dwelling, with the foundation resting on the ground in the basement, a brick chimney, with an opening or box for ashes in the base and on each floor above a fireplace. This chimney is still standing, the only thing left of that dwelling.

To-day a men by the name of William McNamara, who was at work in the rollned said church, heard a number of times somewhere near him the crowing of a rooster. Not being able to see any clickens in the vicinity, and his curiosity being excited from the sort of smothered effect of the crowing. McNamara commenced looking for the author of that sound, which, as it still continued, he was soon able to locate in that chimney. After a while McNamara went into the burned-out basement of the house, the rear of which was on a level with the alley on which it stood, and, clearing away the bricks and debris which had fallen around the base of the chimney, discovered the orifice in the bottom made for taking out ashes which had fallen into the chimney from the firepiane above. Upon clearing away with his hands a large amount of ashes and dibris from this orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands was in the orifice, and while one or his hands which h From the Seattle Times. that chimney.

JOCKO ATE THE DIAMOND. and for \$100 Mrs. McDonald Can Have the Monkey and the Jewel.

From the Philadelphia Record, Mrs. Albert McDonald of Trenton, N. J., who is at the Lafayette Hotel on her wedding tour, wants to buy one of the menkeys at the Zoo. This particular monkey was held very cheap three days and but Superintendent Byrne wants \$100 for him now, and threatens to not up the price even higher if Mrs. McDonald's husband does not make up his mind very soon about buying him. The monkey ordinarily is worth about \$10, and the reason for such an enormous increase in his value is the fact that he has one of Mrs. McDonald's two-carat diamond earrings in his stomach.

Mrs. McDonald arrived in this city on Saturday with her husband, and they visited the Zoo

on Monday. The bride wore a handsome pair of diamond earrings, each weighing within a triffe of two carats. Mrs. McDonald was especially amused by the monkeys, and she lingered about the monkey house for a long time. She was highly entertained at the attempte of a long-armed ape to grab everything that came within reach, but in her eagerness to see all that was going on she stepped too close to the care, and like a flish the big monkey's arm was thrust through the wires and his ugly pawes grabbed one of her earrings. In another instant the jabering brute was off to the other side of the cage with the gittering ornament in his po-session. Mrs. McDonald screamed, and in an exitacy of alarm cried out: "Catch him! Pull him out! The nasty thing has got my diamond!"

In an instant the people on the outside of the monkey cage were making as much of a clatter as the screeching chattering monkeys within. Had a dozen umbrellas were jabled at the grinning beast, which retreated to a lofty perch and deliberatoly swallowed the earring. stone, gold, and ali.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. McDonaid in despair, "he has caten up my diamond," and then, with her husband in full pursuit, she rushed from the place to get Superintendent Byrne. That gentleman listened to the lady's oxided story with composure.

"What am I do, madame?" said he finally.

the place to get Superintendent Byrne. That gentleman listened to the lady's excited story with composure.

"What am I do, madame?" said he finally.

"Why, kill the brute and get my diamond: it's worth \$250?" responded Mrs. McDonald.

"That's impossible," responded the Superintendent. "The monkey belongs to the society, and is valuable."

Then Mrs. McDonald offered to buy the monkey and kill him ber-olf. But Mr. Byrne said that would never do: the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Anima's would interfere.

Finally it was suggested that if some physician would agree to chloroform the monkey and kill him without pain he might cut him onen and get the lew!

Mrs. McDonald rushed down town and succeeded in getting Dr. Thomas H. Andrews to consent to go the killing and cutting up. Then she rushed back to the Zoo and made a bargain to buy the monkey for \$100. But here there was a littch. Mr. McDonald demurred to paying such a price for a monkey, especially as it was so soon to be a dead monkey. Mrs. McDonald dissolved in tears and upbraided her spouse, telling him that he didn't want to get the diamond back because the bair had been a present from her former husband. But Mr. McDonald was obdurate. His bride, however, hopes to coax the money out of him to-day. In the mean time Superintendent Byrne says that he thinks of raising the price on that monkey, and Mr. McDonald's friends say that he bad better pay the money than buy another pair of diamond earrings.

An Undecided Fishing Match.

An Undecided Fishing Match.

BUDD'S LAKE, N. J., July 27.—A fishing match recently took place on the lake between Boatkeeper Allen and Pave Johnson, a veteran angler, for a jurse of \$50. raised in the office of the Forest House. The men fished for an hour, stopping at noon. Proor eter lich of the hotel, who acted as referce, found that the collection of bass, pickerel, and perch in Allen's string numbered twenty-six and on Johnson's twenty-five. One of the latter was a black bass weighing 4 bounds 9 ounces. When the strings were weighed Allen's tipped the scale at 11 pounds 10 ounces, the baby perch and pickerel counting for very little. When Davo's string, big bass and all, were balanced, the scale indicated the same weight exactly, without the variation of a fraction of an ounce. Referee Rich declared the match a draw, declaring that he had never before heard of a tied lishing match in Jersey.

A Battle in a Drop of Water.

Promine St. Louis globe Democrat.

To ordinary people a drop of water is like the primrose was to Peter Bell, a drop of water and nothing more. But to the student of nature, armed with a microscope, it becomes a world teeming with minute life, in which the struggles daily witnessed around us are repreduced. Mr. R. P. Grace, writing to Hardiricke's Science Gossip, relates what he saw while examining a collection of the fresh water rotifer—Brachionus rubens. Among the collection was an intusorian, which swam rapidly with a circular motion and was capable of great change in form. A few days after having first noticed the infusorian he saw that most of the rotifers contained one of these guestis, and, his curiosity being excited, he watched the movements of the creatures more closely. The rotifers contained one of these guestis, and, his curiosity being excited, he watched the movements of the creatures more closely. The rotifer is a strong expert swimmer, and the infusorian, in order to overcome it, began operations by turning round the rotifer's loot, slowly and gently at first, and then more rapidly, This appeared to cement the rotifer's loot to the glass, and, finding fisely secured, it began to lash about with great vigor in its efforts to escape, but was unable to get away.

In about half an hour the rotifer became exhausted, and the infusorian being much larger than the inlet, the following device was resorted to: The front part of the infusorian was contracted to a mere ribbon, the contents of the animal being pressed into the back part so as to form a globe. The ribbon was now inserted into the lorient through the hole, then the contents of the animal being pressed into the back part so as to form a globe. The ribbon was now inserted into the lorient sold and rotaved itself, but the rotifer's cilla moved rapidly for quite half an hour alter the entrance of the enemy. Having devoured the rotifer, the infusorian divides into two or four new animals, which are exactly like the ra

The Speed of Fishes.

The speed of fishes is almost an un-

The speed of fishes is almost an unknown quantity, being, as Prof. G. Brown Goode says very difficult to measure. "If you could get a fish," said Prof. Goode to a Fost reporter, "and put him in a trough of water 1,000 set long and start him at one end and make him swim to the other without stepping, the information could be easily obtained, but fish are unintolizent and they won't do this. Estimates of the speed of fish consequently are only approximated, and more or less founded on guessing. You can tell, however, at a glance whether a fish is built for speed or not. A fast fish looks trim and pointed, like a yacht. Its head is conical shaped, and its fins fit down close to its body, like a kni'e blade into its handle. Fish with large heads, bigger than their bodies, and with short studby fins, are built for slow motion."

"What are the fastest fishes?"

"The predatory fish, those which live on prey, are the fastest swimmers. The food fishes are generally among the slowest, and are, consequently, oasily captured. Their loss is recompensed, however, by the natural law which makes them very prolific in reproduction. Dolphins have been known to swim around an ocean steamer, and it is quite ale to say that their sneed is twenty miles an hour, but it may be twice as much. The bonito is a fast-swimming fish, Just what its speed is I do not know. The head of the goose fish is very large—twenty times as big as its body. It moves about very little, and swims at the hottom of the ocean. The Spanish mackered is no of the fastest of the food tishes, Its body is coneshaned and as smooth as burnished metal. Its speed is as matchless as the dolphin, and in motion it cuts the water like a yacht."

A Chimpanzee's Joke.

A Chimpanzee's Joke.

From Nature.

In a recent lecture M. Romanes is reported as having strongly denied the existence of even a trace of any feeling of the ludierous in the renowned chimpanzee "Saliy." It may be worth while to record a small act observed by me lately, tending. I think, to favor an opposite view.

Leing alone with a friend in Sally's house, we tried to get her to obey the commands usually given by the keeper. The animal came to the bars of the cage to look at us, and, adopting the keeper's usual formula, I said: "Give metwo straws, Sally." At first she anneared to take no notice, although she had been eying us rather engerly before. I repeated the request with no further result; but on a second or third repetition she suddenly took up a large bundle of straw from the floor and thrust it through the bars at us, and then sat down with her back to us. Our request was perhaps unreasonable, seeing that we had no choice morresis of banana with which to reward her. She did not however, seem illetemered at our presumption, and the next instant was as lively as ever. It seems to me that her action on this occasion certainly came very near to an expression of humor. Rather sarcastic humor perhaps it was, but she certainly appeared to take pleasure in the spectacle of something incongruous, and this surely lies at the base of all sense of the ludicrous.

A Snake in the Pulpit. From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

CHESTER HEIGHTS, July 14 .- A most un-CHESTER HEIGHTS. July 14.—A most unwelcome visitor put in an appearance on the
preacher's stand at the camp meeting this
alternoon. It was a snake, not a very big one,
but large enough to make quite a commotion
among the ladies when he came out from his
hiding place under one of the big pillars,
where he had been sleeping all winter, to see
what the noise was all about. The ladies did
not scream, but those who saw it were preparing
to leave in short order, when a brother stepped
bravely forward, and, with his heel, smashed
the head of the serpont, and then cast it outside the tabernacle.

A Queen in a Mail Bag.

Promite Periland Press.

From the Periland Press.

Collector Anderson Saturday morning received a notice from the Postmaster at Mechanic Falls, saying that a scaled parkage had arrived there from krainburg. Unper Carniola, Austria, It was marked "supposed liable to customs duties." From the buzzing sound inside the package the Postmaster nedged that it contained a queen bee. According to the regulations he notified the normal collector of Customs. Collector Anderson has instructed him to open the package, and if it contains nothing but a queen bee. to deliver it as addressed. Queen boss are not subject to duty.